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north are composed of a very strong cement, and of such good materials as to render their reduction next to impracticable and while there is a great plenty of the best materials for building in the immediate neighbourhood, the Castle of Benburb was but badly constructed, of inferior materials, and the stones commonly of the pebble kind. At some distance from the castle, in the little village adjoining, there is a small ancient building, which appears to have been a watch-house belonging to the castle.

Lying in the immediate neighbourhood of Armagh, it was the scene of many a bloody engagement between the native Irish and the invading armies of the Scotch and English. That which took place in 1646 between Owen Roe O'Nial, aided by Sir Phelim O'Nial, and the Scotch general, Monroe, supported by Lord Blaney and Lord Montgomery, at the head of several English regiments, is thus given by Stuart in his History of Armagh.

About the end of May, 1646, Owen Roe O'Nial approached Armagh, at the head of five thousand foot and five hundred horse. Monroe, who was then stationed within ten miles of the city, arrived there with eight hundred horse and six thousand foot, at midnight, on the 4th of June. Meanwhile, O'Nial, aware of his advance, had encamped his troops at Benburb, betwixt two small hills. The rear of his army was protected by a wood, and the right by the river Blackwater. Here Monroe determined to attack him, and for this purpose, marched at the head of his troops, on the fifth of June. He had ordered his brother, George Monroe, to proceed expeditiously with his corps from Colerain, and to join him at Glasslough, or Benburb. O'Nial, aware of this movement, had despatched Colonels Bernard M'Mahon, and Patrick Mac Neny, with their regiments, to prevent the junction of this force with Monroe; a commission which, the abbe Mac Geoghegan says, they executed to the satisfaction of their commander. Monroe himself passed the river, at a ford near Kinnard, (Caledon), and marched towards Benburb. As he advanced, he was met by Colonel Richard O'Farrel, who occupied a strait through which it was necessary for him to pass, but the fire of his cannon compelled that commander, after a short rencontre, to retreat. And now the two armies met in order of battle. The wary O'Nial amused his enemy, during several hours with various manœuvres and trivial skirmishes, until the sun, which at first had been favourable to the Scots, began to descend in the rear of the Irish troops, and shed a dazzling glare on their enemies. The detachment which O'Nial had sent against George Monroe, was seen returning towards the hostile armies. The Scottish general, at first, imagined that this was the expected reinforcement from Colerain: but when he perceived his error, he prepared instantly to retreat. O'Nial, however, seized the opportunity, with the promptitude of an experienced commander, and charged the Scots and British with the most determined valour. The gallant Lord Blaney, at the head of an English regiment, made a noble defence. He fell combatting with the most undaunted resolution, and his men maintained their ground till they were hewn to pieces around their beloved commander. Meanwhile the Scottish cavalry was broken by O'Nial's horse, and a general rout ensued. A regiment, indeed, commanded by Colonel Montgomery retreated with some regularity; but the rest of the British troops fled in total disorder. Lord Montgomery, twenty-one officers, and one hundred and fifty soldiers were taken prisoners; three thousand two hundred and forty-three men were slain on the field of battle, and many perished the succeeding day in the rout. Monroe fled with the utmost precipitation, leaving his artillery, tents, and baggage with the greater part of his arms, booty and provisions to the enemy. Colonel Conway, accompanied by Captain Burke, also escaped to Newry, after having had two horses slain under him in his flight. Owen Roe O'Nial lost in this battle seventy men killed and two hundred wounded.

On the fourth of October, 1652, a high court of justice was held at Kilkenny, for the trial of such persons as had been accused of the commission of barbarous murders in the rebellion. This was followed by another which was held in Dublin, and here Sir Phelim O'Nial was arraigned, tried, condemned, and sentenced for execution. He had

concealed himself in an obscure island, where he was discovered and seized by the Lord Caulfield. Previous to his execution he was pressed to declare that he had received a commission from King Charles, authorizing the rebellion. Nay, at his trial, the judges promised that his estate and liberty should be restored to him if he could prove the existence of such a commission. But O'Nial, though brutal in life, was magnanimous in death, and persisted in declaring, even at the moment previous to his execution, that he never had any commission from the king for levying troops or prosecuting the war.

THE WHITEBOYS.

During the summers of 1828 and 1829, the Queen's county, and the counties of Carlow, Kilkenny, &c. were greatly disturbed. The peasantry having entered into a very extensive combination, under the title of Whiteboyism, kept the country in a continued state of alarm. In a story of this nature, professing to be a picture of a certain trait in our national manners, it would not be proper to discuss the occasions or circumstances which are said to have given rise to this illegal association or conspiracy; we propose only to describe our countrymen as they really are, with regard to morals, turn of thought, and expression, without lessening, exaggerating, or caricaturing in any way.

The Irish *scullogues*, or large farmers, who act as middlemen and land-agents, are generally hated by the lower farmers and cottiers, on whom they practice all the little tyranny which is in their power. As these people originally spring from the very lowest of the peasantry, they are also despised and detested the more, for the Irish, in general, look up with great respect to noble birth and genteel extraction.

Near the foot of Cloughbrennan, in the Queen's county, there resided a person of the above description. His name was Cornelius Cahill, and he was said to be a very wealthy man: he possessed two or three large farms, and was a very extensive cattle breeder and grazier; he was also agent to two or three gentlemen in the county. He lived near the road side on the way to Carlow. The house was built by his father, and was a small, square, stone-built and slated tenement, with two windows, strongly barred on each side of a hall-door in front; and a little skirting of young fir-trees running round between it and the road, from which a straight gravelled path led by a wooden-gate up to the house. Misther Corny Cahill's father was the first comfortable man of the name ever known in the country; and he was at one time a poor day-labourer, working his day's work at hedging, trenching, or any other country-work; and occupying, with his family, a wretched hut on the side of the hill of Cloughbrennan.

Suddenly he grew rich, and took a large farm, which he stocked with cattle, and built a farm-house, and became a thriving man, to the astonishment of his neighbours. He sent his children to school with new frize jackets, and brogues and stockings, which they never were seen with before, and employed labourers to till his ground and manage his farm. Many conjectures were formed as to the source of his wealth: some affirmed that he dug up a pot of gold while levelling a rath at the farm of Paddy Golding; others, that he dreamt of it one night; but there were many who suspected that he did not come by it by any such fair means; and hinted a story which made much against his character. At any rate he was christened by his neighbours *Donough an Thrunka*, or Denis of the Trunk; for it was said, that while working in a lonesome part of the mountain road by himself, a carriage, with only one servant, the coachman, passed by, to the back part of which a trunk was strapped, and that tempted by the opportunity afforded him by the loneliness of the situation, and the feasibility of detaching the trunk from its holdings, he followed the carriage to a certain part of the road, and mounting behind, cut the straps which fastened it, and buried the trunk beneath the new ditch which he was making by the road side. Another version of the story relates, that the trunk fell from behind the carriage, the weight of the gold it contained breaking the

holdings. At any rate the summer before Denis Cahill became so suddenly rich, great search was made through the country for a black leathern-covered trunk, which was lost or stolen from behind the carriage of a noble family who were travelling to the south. However he acquired his riches at first, it was observed that he was thriving in a very wonderful manner; day after day, some new signs of increasing consequence became visible; and farm after farm was purchased, or otherwise secured, until many of the surrounding gentry were declared inferior to him in property.

He had many children, sons and daughters, several of whom died at an early age. One son was destined for the army, and, accordingly, became so attached to firearms before he was sixteen years of age, that he was considered the first sportsman in the country; but had the misfortune to shoot his brother one day, while firing at rabbits in the burrow; and the following season, while leaping through a quickset-hedge, to get a shot at a hare, that was seen scampering across the field before him, shot himself as he pulled the fowling-piece after him through the hedge. Another son was drowned in the Little Lough, and a fourth died of consumption, contracted at the College of Maynooth, while studying for the Irish priesthood. The subject of the present tale, Cornelius, was sent the year following to prepare for the sacerdotal habit, but was expelled for bad and profligate conduct; and, after coming home, in a quarrel with his elder and only brother, contrived to inflict such serious injuries, that he died shortly after in consequence.

At the time the present tale opens, some years after his father's death, he was in possession of all his father's property, and one of the most generally detested men in the whole county. At a previous assizes in Maryborough, he prosecuted two men, who were hung, for an attack on his house in search of arms; one of whom, at the place of execution, declared the justice of his sentence, and bore testimony to the innocence of his companion. This completed to ripening the hatred which was in its spring for him, and he became the watched and the marked of the whiteboys.

On the other side of Cloghbrennan, on one of Cahill's farms, resided an honest poor man, with one son and a daughter, who rented fifteen or sixteen acres of land under him; and who, with the assistance of his son, then about twenty-one years of age, cultivated their little spot, and managed to live comfortable and independent.—Bryan Mooney, for such was the farmer's name, was returning one evening, in the winter of 1829, from the town of Carlow, after making a market, and disposing of the surplus produce of his little farm much to his satisfaction. Mounted on a young and spirited half-blood mare of his own rearing, and of which he was very proud, and with a glass or two of the native rising high in his brain, he considered himself one of the most fortunate men in the Queen's county. Thenight was dark, and as he approached the foot of Cloghbrennan, the wind, cold and frosty, blew keen over the dark hill's side, and Mooney wrapped his cloak, or frize riding coat, closely round him, and tipping his mare with the end of a supple heavy-handed whip, proceeded at a sober trot along the narrow, lonesome road. He knew the country to be much disturbed, but he had no fears for himself. His neighbours and he had been always on peaceable terms, and he was unconscious of having an enemy in the wide world; therefore a thought on the subject never entered his head.

Nearly at the foot of the hill the road gives a sudden turn to the right, and enters on a wild-looking, rude tract, where the vestiges of any human habitation are never to be met with. As Mooney turned into this part of the road, a shriek of distress, and a rush and trample, as of men in contest, came from the neighbouring field: then another shriek, and call of murder; and the earnest prayers for mercy were succeeded by the threatening and taunts of one or two men, who appeared as if dragging the sufferer farther into the darkness and loneliness of the place, in order to complete some deed of blood.—Mooney, inspired by the generous impulse of the moment, faced his mare to the low, dry-stone built boundary at the road side, which the young animals cleared at a bound and galloped across the field in the direction of the sounds.—

As he came up, he beheld a man faintly struggling against three ruffians, who were dragging him along, with dreadful threatening and horrid imprecations.

"Say your prayers," said one to him, "av the' do you any good, for its short your time is."

"Its little good they'll do him, I'm thinkin'," said another ruffian, "in regard iv all the black doin's that's to the fore agin him."

"Have mercy on me," cried the wretched man on his knees; "for the sake of your souls at the last day do not commit murder, and any thing you wish me to do I'll do it without asking a question."

"Is it you that axes mercy, you informing villan?" said another: "It's little you can expect, I'm thinkin', if it's the right o' the thing you look at."

"Oh! have mercy! have mercy!" again ejaculated the wretch.

"Yes; the same as you showed Doolin and Toole," said the first ruffian, when you got them hanged, an' you knowin' one poor boy to be innocent."

They now had him down, and one of them was kneeling on his breast. It was at this juncture that Mooney came up; and he thought that he distinguished the voice of his landlord, as he shrieked in the last throes of fear and horror beneath the men; so twisting the thong of his heavy whip round his hand, and winding it furiously about his head, he dashed to the spot, and before they were scarcely aware of his approach, he knocked the man who was kneeling on his breast senseless to the ground. The other two fled, without once looking to see by whom they were attacked: and alighting from his mare, and raising the man, almost stupified, from his perilous situation, he found that indeed it was his landlord, Mr. Corny Cahill.

"Oh! God be praised," he exclaimed, as he slowly recovered the use of his faculties, and found that he had been delivered from a frightful and horrid death.

"And is it yourself," Mr. Cahill, said Mooney, "that I'm after pursarvin' from destruction? just take my mare here, and go as fast as you can to my house, as it's the nighest and quietest, and stay there till I come to you."

"I will—I will," he said in an eager and agitated manner; "but watch that fellow—that assassin, and if he recovers have him sent to prison, that we may hang him or make him inform on his comrades."

Mooney evaded a direct answer, but urging his landlord to fly, he added, "you know if they return, us both 'ill be kilt 'ithout mercy; so dash on for the sake ov him who made me the instrument of saving you."

Cahill did not require a second intimation of the danger, but turned the horse's head about and soon galloped out of sight.

Mooney looked at the man, who, to all appearances, lay lifeless on the field beneath him. He opened his eyes, and slowly turned his head, as if to see was he alone; and getting up, he shook himself firmly into his great coat, and putting his hand to his head, he rubbed it awhile, as if to determine whether all was right or not; then, as if satisfied of the safety of his cranium, he turned towards Mooney, and in a tone half serious, half joking, said,

"Bryan Mooney, you should look afore you'd leap, and you should see who was undher your arm afore you'd sthrike with so heavy a hand; you were nigh murderin' your own wife's first cousin that was, God rest her soul."

"Good heavens! what brought you here, Paddy Rooney? You'll be hanged for this night's work, that you will, as sure as a gun," exclaimed Mooney, horrified at beholding so near a relative in such a perilous situation: but Rooney, who appeared to be particularly well acquainted with such scenes, looked perfect indifference.

"Mind your own business, Bryan Mooney," said he, "and let others mind theirs; and if you did, you'd have left that black-hearted villain in the hands that knew best how to handle him."

"Paddy Rooney, will you just take a friend's advice, and never heed the blow I sthruke you, but just take yourself away as fast as you can, and never say you saw me," said Mooney.

"I forgive you in the regard of the blow," replied Rooney; "but just take a bit of advice in return. Niver agin interfere in what doesn't consarn you. I'll take

care that the boys don't disturb you on account of this night's work, and keep your temper about it yourself.'

Roony then bid his relative good night and turned away. He was soon lost in the darkness as he passed down the field, and Mooney turned about and pursued his way home on foot.

On entering the house he found his landlord sitting at the fire beside his daughter, the young and blooming Kathleen, and quite recovered from the effects and fright of the attack recently made upon him. He was profuse in his acknowledgments to Mooney for his deliverance; and it was agreed that he should stop there during the night. The next morning Cahill proceeded home, and for a length of time never stirred out of his house by night. He never made any noise about the attempt that was made on his life; and it was scarcely known to any but the few personally concerned in the transaction. However, another feeling, which contributed to alarm old Mooney very much, seemed to have sprung up in the bosom of his landlord—a passion for the young and innocent Kathleen. Mooney was well aware that Cahill was one of the most profligate and abandoned of men: that his passions were ever his masters, and there was no sacrifice he would not make to gratify them. He could not expect that such a character could have honorable views or intentions towards his child; and he dreaded to desire him to keep away from his house, for his anger was desperate, and his revenge sure and deadly.

Day by day he came to Mooney's, and always endeavoured to come at a time when the old man and his son would be absent at their field labour. By slow and insidious ways he at first attempted to win a favourable impression; then by degrees, growing more bold, he grew pressing and eager, and proceeded to take certain liberties with her person which put her maiden modesty to the blush, and obliged her to complain to her father. Her soul abhorred him—she could not bear the false and disagreeable expression of his face; but, like the rest of her family, she dreaded his power, and feared to say any thing that could tend to irritate him. The father did not know what to do; but the brother, a fine manly young fellow, about twenty-one years of age, was determined, let what would be the consequence, to bring the affair at once to an issue, and end it. So the next visit he paid, Maurice watched him: and pretending other business, quitted his father's side in the field, and proceeded by a circuitous rout to the house. I have said before, it was placed in a lonely situation, a distance from the public road, and far away from every other habitation. As Maurice approached the house, the voice of his sister shrieking for assistance reached his ear, and he darted like an arrow to her help. The door was closed, and she within, shrieking in desperation. He rushed against the door, which gave way before him, and as he leapt in, he found Cahill, with his sister in his arms, and he endeavouring to force her into the room. Young Mooney seized him by the throat, and swinging him with a powerful arm to the other end of the house, stood between him and his panting sister, with eyes on fire with maddening rage and indignation.

"Monster!" he exclaimed, "is this the way you show your gratitude to my father's child, after he rescuin' you from death—a death you deserved richly."

"Oh! Maurice! Maurice!" she cried, bursting into tears, "it was God sent you to me."

Cahill stood petrified; he did not reply, and Maurice seizing him by the collar, was dragging him to the door. "Oh! sure you're not going to kill me," said he with a sneer.

"Go away, you villain," said Maurice; "you are not worth killing; but let you never come inside this door again," and he pitched him forth and shut the door after him.

Cahill returned to his house, burning with disappointment and rage, and resolved upon revenge. It was then that he recollected that on the night on which his life was in danger, Maurice was absent from his father's house; and immediately conceived the idea of impeaching him with the crime. Accordingly he proceeded to the next

magistrate, and lodged informations against Maurice Mooney, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension. Timely notice was conveyed to young Mooney, who absconded, and took refuge with a relative who lived at a great distance, until his father disposed of a certain portion of his means to make up a sufficient sum to send him out of the country.

He embarked the March following for America, and in the course of the last year he sent money to bring over his father and sister, and he is now a wealthy farmer in New Orleans.

As for Cahill, he met the fate which the whiteboys had long threatened him with. Returning from giving his vote at an election which took place the ensuing summer, at an hour later than usual with him, he was fired at by two or three at the same time, one of the balls passing quite through his body. He was able to make good his way home, and he lingered under the fatal wound for about six weeks, and died in the most excruciating agonies. The murderers were never discovered.

J. L. L.

MY NATIVE ISLE.

Oh! tell me not of fairer lands
Beneath a brighter sky;
Of streams that roll o'er golden sands,
And flowers that never die!

The flower that on thy mountains' brow,
When wintry winds assail,
Securely sleeps beneath the snow,
Its cold and kindly veil;

Transplanted to a richer soil,
Where genial breezes play,
In sickly bloom will droop awhile,
Then wither and decay.

Such, such, thy sheltering embrace,
When storms prevail. I feel
My father's fathers' resting place,
Though cold, yet kindly still.

And ah! the flowret's fate were mine,
If doomed from thee to part;
To sink in sickening, slow decline,
The canker of the heart.

Love's dearest bands, friendship's strong ties,
That round my bosom twine!
All past delight, all present joys,
My native isle, are thine!

If all were gone, like summer's dew,
Before the morning beams;
Still friends that pass not, I should view
In thy wild rocks and streams.

Oh! may they still, thy changeful skies,
Thy clouds, thy mists be mine!
And th' sun that saw my morning rise,
Gleam on my day's decline!

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